Voice Recital
Sarah Toane
with
Jeremy
Spurgeon
Sunday,
April 13th, 5pm
FAB, Room 2-7

2002?

Program Notes

From Rosy Bow'rs is a mad song from the third part of *Don Quixote* with music by Henry Purcell (1659-1695) and lyrics by Thomas D'Urfey (1653-1723). Madness had been a recurrent preoccupation of English Dramatists and most of these mad songs were written as incidental music to plays. **From Rosy Bow'rs** is sung by a female character cynically feigning madness in order to seduce Don Quixote. Purcell's setting however, composed in his final illness, rises beyond this trivial situation and shows no trace of irony or pretense.

The following set of French pieces includes **Beau Soir** and **Les Cloches** by Claude Debussy (1862-1918) as well as **Si Mes Vers Avaient des Ailes** by Reynaldo Hahn (1875-1947). Both of the Debussy pieces feature poetry by Paul Bourget, a French Novelist and Critic. **Si Mes Vers Avaient des Ailes** was composed by Hahn in 1888 when he was just 13 years old, using the poetry of Victor Hugo.

Porgi, Amor, music by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791) is from Act II of *Le Nozze di Figaro* or *The Marriage of Figaro*. The Countess Almaviva knows that her husband has developed a roving eye for other ladies of the castle and is shamed and hurt by his deceit. Alone in her bed chamber as the act opens, she asks the god of love to assist her in her hour of need. **Ach Ich Fühl's**, another Mozart aria, appears in Act II scene IV of *Die Zauberflote* or *The Magic Flute*, and is sung by the character Pamina. Pamina is despondent because her love, the Prince Tamino, no longer speaks to her. **Mein Herr Marquis** is an aria from *Die Fledermaus* or *The Bat* by Johann Strauss (1825-1899). The chambermaid Adele is discovered by her master at a party that neither should be attending. When her master suggests she is a chambermaid everyone laughs and Adele continues to make sport of her employer.

Both **Botschaft** and **Am Sonntag Morgen** were written by Johannes Brahms (1833-1897) and published in 1868, a summer that Brahms worked extensively on Lieder pieces. **Am Sonntag Morgen** is the first piece in a set of 5 pieces, Op. 49.

This final set consists of songs from the Musical Theatre genre that have more of a classical sound. **Moonfall** is a piece from *The Mystery of*

Edwin Drood by Rupert Holmes (b. 1947), with the story based on the unfinished novel of the same name by Charles Dickens. **Moonfall** is sung by the character Rosabud. Jasper, Rosabud's music teacher, has composed a song for her and insists she sing it. Jasper has feelings for Rosabud but she is betrothed to Jasper's nephew, Edwin Drood. **Green Finch and Linnet Bird**, sung by the character Johanna, is from the musical *Sweeny Todd* by Stephen Sondheim (b. 1930). Johanna is the daughter of Benjamin Barker, later known as Sweeny Todd, who was deported by Judge Turpin when Johanna was one year old. Her mother was thought to have committed suicide and Judge Turpin raised Johanna from then on. He kept her in total seclusion like a bird in a cage. Finally, **The Witch's Song** is a piece from Alberta Opera's version of *Rapunzel* with music by Edmonton native Jeff Unger. In the scene preceding this song, Rapunzel has escaped her tower to find her prince much to the witch's dismay. The role of the witch was premiered by Sarah Toane in 2005.

Beau Soir

Lorsque au soleil couchant
Les rivières sont roses,
Et qu'un tiède frisson court sur les champs de blé
Un conseil d'être heureux semble sortir des choses
Et monter vers le coeur troublé;
Un conseil de goûter le charme d'être au monde
Cependant qu'on est jeune et que le soir est beau,
Car nous nous en allons,
comme s'en va cette onde:
Elle à la mer,
Nous au tombeau!

Beautiful Evening

When in the setting sun
the rivers are rose,
And when a warm rustle of breeze crosses the wheat fields
A counsel to be happy seems to come forth from all things
And ascend to the fearful heart;
A counsel to relish the charm of being in this world
While one is young and while the evening is beautiful,
For we are going away
as this wave goes away
It to the sea,
We go to the grave!

Les Cloches

Les feuilles s'ouvraient sur le bord des branches, Délicatement,
Les cloches tintaient, légères et franches, Dans le ciel clément.
Rythmique et fervent comme une antienne, Ce lointain appel
Me remémorait la blancheur chretienne Des fleurs de l'autel.
Ces cloches parlaient d'heureuses années,
Et dans le grand bois Semblaient reverdir les feuilles fanées
Des jours d'autrefois.

The Bells

The leaves opened on the ends of the branches delicately
The bells rang lightly and frankly in the clement sky.
Rhythmic and fervent like an ancient this far away call
Reminded me of the Christian white of the flowers on the alter
These bells spoke of happy years
And in the great wood the leaves seemed to become green again
The days old.

Si Mes Vers Avaient des Ailes

Mes vers fuiraient, doux et frêles,
Vers votre jardin si beau
Si mes vers avaient des ailes
Comme l'oiseau!

If My Verses had Wings

My verses would flee, sweet & frail,
To your garden so beautiful,
If my verses had wings
Like the bird!

Ils voleraient, étincelles,
Vers votre foyer qui rit,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes
Comme l'esprit!
Près de vous, purs et fidèles,
Ils accouraient, nuit et jour,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes
Comme l'amour!

They would fly, glittering,
To your cheerful fireside,
If my verses had wings
Like the mind!
To you, pure and faithful
They would hasten, night and day, If
my verses had wings
Like love!

Porgi, Amor

Porgi, amor,
qualche ristoro
al mio duolo,
a' miei sospir!
O mi rendi
il mio tesoro,
O mi lascia almen morir!

Grant, Love

Grant, love,
some relief
to my sorrow,
to my sighing!
Either give me back
my beloved,
Or just let me die!

Ach, Ich Fühl's

Ach, ich Fühl's, es ist verschwunden,
ewig hin der Liebe Glück!
Nimmer kommt ihr, Wonnestunden,
meinem Herzen mehr zurück.
Sieh, Tamino, diese Tränen fließen,
Trauter, dir allein.
Fühlst du nicht der Liebe
Sehnen,
so wird Ruh im Tode sein.

Ah, I Feel It

Ah, I feel it; it has vanished-
forever gone, the happiness of love!
Never will you, blissful hours,
come back again to my heart.
See Tamino, these tears flow,
beloved one, for you alone.
If you do not feel the longing of
love,
then peace will come to be in death.

Mein Herr Marquis

Mein Herr Marquis,
ein Mann wie Sie
sollt' besser das versteh'n!
Darum rate ich,
ja genauer sich
die Leute anzuseh'n!
Die Hand ist doch wohl gar
zufein, ah

My Lord Marquis

My lord Marquis,
a man like you
should understand this better
Therefore
I advise you
to look at people more closely!
My hand is indeed much too
delicate, ah

dies Füßchen so zierlich
und klein, ah.
Die Sprache, die ich führe,
die Taille, die Tournüre,
dergleichen finden Sie bei einer Zofe
nie!
Gestehen müssen Sie fürwahr:
sehr komisch dieser Irrtum war.
Ja, sehr komisch, ha ha ha,
ist die Sache, ha ha ha!
Drum verzeih'n Sie, ha ha ha,
Wenn ich lache, ha ha ha!
sehr komisch, Herr Marquis,
sind Sie!
Mit dem Profil im griech'schen Stil
beschenkte mich Natur.
Wenn nicht dies Gesicht
schon genügend spricht,
so seh'n Sie die Figur!
Schau'n durch die Lorgnette Sie
dann, ah,
sich diese Toilette nur an, ah.
Mir scheinet wohl die Liebe
macht Ihre Augen trübe;
der schönen Zofe Bild hat ganz Ihr
Herz erfüllt!
Nun sehen Sie sie überall;
Sehr komisch ist fürwahr der Fall.
Ja, sehr komisch, ha ha ha,
ist die Sache, ha ha ha!
Drum verzeih'n Sie, ha ha ha,
Wenn ich lache, ha ha ha!

Botschaft

Wehe, Lüftchen, lind und lieblich
Um die Wange der Geliebten,
Spiele zart in ihrer Locke,
Eile nicht hinweg zu fliehn!
Tut sie dann vielleicht die Frage,
Wie es um mich

My little foot so graceful
and tiny, ah.
The language that I speak
my waistline my shape-
The likes of which you will never
find in a chambermaid.
You must truly admit:
This mistake was very funny.
Yes very funny, ha ha ha,
is the thing, ha ha ha!
Therefore forgive me ha ha ha
if I laugh ha ha ha!
Oh my, very funny, lord Marquis
you are!
With a profile in the Grecian style
nature has endowed me
If this face doesn't
already say enough,
then observe my figure!
Then just gaze through your
lorgnette, ah.
at this party dress ah.
It certainly seems to me that love
is making your eyes blurry;
The image of a pretty chambermaid
has completely filled your heart!
Now you see her everywhere;
Very funny, indeed, is the situation.
Yes very funny, ha ha ha,
is the thing, ha ha ha!
Therefore forgive me ha ha ha
if I laugh ha ha ha!

Message

Blow gentle breeze softly & sweetly
around the cheeks of my beloved;
play tenderly among her curls.
Be in no hurry to fly away!
If she then, perhaps, asks
How things are going with me,

Armen stehe,
Sprich: "Unendlich war sein Wehe,
Höchst bedenklich seine Lage;
Aber jetso kann er hoffen,
Wieder herrlich aufzuleben,
Denn du, Holde,
denkst an ihn."

Poor man,
say: "Endless was his misery,
most grave his condition;
but now he can hope
to be gloriously revived
because you, lovely one, are thinking
of him."

Am Sonntag Morgen

Am Sonntag Morgen zierlich
angetan,
Wohl weiß ich, wo du da bist hin
gegangen,
Und manche Leute waren, die dich
sahn
Und kamen dann zu mir, dich zu
verklagen.
Als sie mirs sagten, hab ich laut
gelacht,
Und in der Kammer dann geweint
zur Nacht.
Als sie mirs sagten, fing ich an zu
singen,
Um einsam dann die Hände wund zu
ringen.

On Sunday Morning

On Sunday morning, prettily
dressed,
I know very well where you
went.
There were many people who saw
you
And then came to me, to accuse you
of betrayal.
When they said it to me, I laughed
out loud;
And then in my room I wept in the
night.
When they said it to me, I began to
sing,
Only to wring my hands sore when I
was alone.